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SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1804.

THE HISTORY OF *Netterville:*

A CHANCE PEDESTRIAN.

CHAPTER VIII.

WITH a mind harrassed, and oppressed by the manuscript he had recently perused, Lewisham threw himself on the bed, unable to form any decided determination with regard to his future disposition; but resolving that no consideration should tempt him to remain any longer at the Castle, or to put himself under any obligation to such a being as Nugent, he felt the most generous and lively concern at the hard fate of the unfortunate Adeliza; and while revolving in his mind many plans for futurity, "tired Nature's sweet restorer" came to his relief; and he slept soundly until a late hour the following morning; when hastily slipping on his cloathes, and taking a slight repast, he was quitting the Castle, with the intention of purchasing himself a horse, having determined that should be his mode of travelling; and purposing to leave his baggage to the care of one of the domestics, until he should be able to ascertain where he was likely to settle himself. At the door of his apartment, however, he was met by the abigail of Miss Nugent, who, wishing him the compliments of the morning, slipped a letter into his hand, and abruptly retired. —Netterville immediately returned to his own room, and hastily breaking the seal, he found it to contain the following words:—

"TO MR. NETTERVILLE.

"MISS NUGENT recommends Mr. Netterville to use all possible expedition in conveying himself towards London; where, if he will take the trouble to call at the house of Lord Newark in Cavendish Square, Miss Nugent is well assured he will meet with a kind reception. She has taken the liberty of inclosing a small bill, which was due from her to the effects of his late patron, and wishes him a pleasant journey, and the full enjoyment of health, until she shall again have the pleasure of his society; at the same time assuring Mr. Netterville, she feels herself too deeply interested in his welfare, not to rejoice in the prospect of a future meeting when she goes to town in the winter."

"Amiable generosity!" exclaimed Lewisham, as he folded this note, and placed it in his pocket-book; at the same time determining to follow the directions it contained. "What patterns for the female world are two such women, as Mrs. and Miss Nugent!"—at this moment his heart painfully reminded him of two others, who might, and *did* equal them in his estimation.—"Alas!" cried he, "perhaps I shall never behold either the amiable Clara or her good mother again; yet my heart can never fail to remember their goodness with the most lively and fervent gratitude!" He now pursued his intention of purchasing a Rozinante; and, having procured one, he settled his departure for the following morning. It was not without regret that he quitted Bamborough; the remembrance of his revered friend and benefactor stole over his mind; and melancholy, notwithstanding his improved prospects, saddened his heart; yet he rejoiced to to have left far behind him the despicable Nugent, who, notwithstanding his large property, could meanly sue for the situation of Commandant at Bamborough. Nor do I, gentle reader, by my silence mean to infer, that our hero was stoic enough not to examine the inclosure which Miss Nugent's note had enveloped; far from it, for, on the first glance, he discovered its value to be fifty pounds; and having, as I have before observed, placed it in his pocket-book, he resolved to exert his utmost to deserve so high a distinction, and to prove to Lord Newark, that he was not unworthy of Miss Nugent's recommendation. In compliance with what he imagined to be that lady's wish, he made no effort to thank her, or express his gratitude, deferring it till he should have the satisfaction of meeting her in London.

I shall leave descriptions of high-roads to more ingenious and lively writers, and shall only content myself with matter of fact, and simply add, that Netterville was not intercepted by highwaymen, and that he retained to the end of his journey the undisturbed possession of all his little property, and arrived late in the evening at the ——hotel, and thus made his first *debut* into the grand metropolis. Methinks I hear my male readers exclaim (if such I have) "What a quiz! never been in London!—Devil take it, a pretty sort of a hero!—quite a fresh one!" and so on. But I beg these gentlemen to recollect, that Lewisham was a member of the University of Oxford; and shall further inform them, that though he had never been in London, he had passed through most of the examinations previous to being admitted into holy orders with honour to himself, and had received universal applause both from his examiners, his com-

petitors, and his contemporaries—which is more than, I fear, many of our modern fine gentlemen can say of themselves!—But I beg pardon for this *almost unpardonable* digression.

Lewisham, finding himself much fatigued, took a light repast, and hastened to rest, meditating on his probable reception from Lord Newark, the succeeding day. Here he was doomed to experience a disappointment, for he was told, on presenting himself in Cavendish-square, that his lordship and family had set out for a seat in the north a few days before, and were not expected in town for nearly two months. This was, it seems, a circumstance quite out of Miss Nugent's calculation, for knowing that his lordship usually spent his winters in London, she had contented herself simply with writing a letter in favour of her young protegee, requesting for him his lordship's patronage and protection.—Lewisham bore this disappointment with some degree of fortitude; and, after requesting the housekeeper to retain any letters which might arrive in Cavendish-square addressed to him, he departed to provide himself with a convenient residence until his lordship's return. In the course of his morning ramble, he happened to see a board up at a neat-looking house, and walked in to take a view of the ready furnished apartment therein mentioned, and before two o'clock was quietly settled in his new habitation, having paid a month in advance, in consequence of not being able to refer to any one with regard to his responsibity. As he was carelessly leaning out of a front window, debating how he should spend the remainder of the day, a footman rapped at the door, and presented Captain Latimer's compliments, and requested, if he was disengaged, he would partake of a family dinner at four o'clock. Lewisham returned a polite answer in the affirmative; and at the time appointed was ushered into the first floor apartment, where sat Captain and Mrs. Latimer. Captain Latimer was a sensible and polite man, and appeared to possess a fund of good humour, and to have acquired a great knowledge of the world. Mrs. Latimer was a very beautiful woman, whose person appeared to be her least recommendation; yet at times her manners were tinctured with a degree of freedom, which did not at all accord with the rusticity of Lewisham's opinions. However, he began to think this must be entirely owing to his own ignorance of the world, and that this freedom might be only the high polish of a town education. The evening was spent at the theatre, and an engagement formed between the gentlemen for the following morning. Lewisham grew every day more pleased with the conversation of Captain Latimer, and his lady insensibly gained on his good opinion; in short, at the end of a fortnight he became almost one of the family. He generally spent his mornings with the captain, and when prior engagements prevented the latter from spending his evenings at home, he would request that his absence might not deprive Mrs. Latimer of his friendly society. Lewisham felt the lady's attractions; he also felt his own danger, yet had not fortitude to fly from her allurements. Pity for her neglected state also involved him in numerous little offices of attention, in which he perceived his friend deficient; and these, while the one insensibly became every day more indifferent, the other, equally unconscious of his motives and wishes, increased in his assiduities. In so seducing a situation, even Clara Walsingham was for a time forgotten; or if remembered, remembered only like the visions of the night, which leave but a faint impression on the waking fancy. Mrs. Latimer's company, like a magnet, fixed all his thoughts towards herself: he was seldom a day without seeing her, and when any unavoidable engagement prevented the possibility of being with her, he could not but acknowledge to himself that he sensibly felt the deprivation. Mrs. Latimer now put on a pensive and melancholy countenance, and our hero had several times surprised her in tears, which she reluctantly confessed to him were excited by the unkind neglect she had of late experienced from her husband. "Ah!" cried she, "had Heaven blessed me with the power of fixing the roving heart of that changeable creature man—could I believe any of his sex capable of a sincere and constant affection!——" Lewisham now pressed her hand tenderly, which he held between his, and assured her that he felt himself as capable of a constant and sincere affection, as he hoped to convince her he was of the most pure and lasting friendship. Mrs. Latimer sighed—Lewisham echoed it—the lady burst into a flood of tears. Gentle reader! can you doubt the effects of a flood of tears from the eyes of a beautiful woman on the heart of a young, romantic, and susceptible boy? He lost in that moment his self-command—he threw himself at the feet of Mrs. Latimer, who, in the tender effervescence of sorrow, reclined her head on his bosom: while folding his arms around her, he seated her in a window, and kissed off the orient pearls which stole down her lovely cheeks—when chancing to glance his eye towards the window, he discovered, standing in the one opposite to him, the exact resemblance of his once loved Clara Walsingham! The fair vision appeared to regard him with a look of the deepest concern. He started—but she turned away her head, and he saw her no more. "For Heaven's sake," cried he, "tell me who is the owner of the opposite house—and who was the lady I just now beheld at the window?" Mrs. Latimer answered by a violent shower of tears, and in the wildest manner began to reproach Lewisham for his unkindness to her who had convinced him there was no sacrifice too great for her unchangeable affection;—but Netterville was now fortunately awakened to the danger of his own situation—and hastily pressing her hand, he rushed with precipitation out of her presence, and retiring to his own appartment, began to call himself to a severe account for his reprehensible conduct:—"And thus," cried he, "I have, by an unpardonable levity, lost not only my own internal approbation, but I have lost the good opinion of Miss Walsingham—perhaps for ever!" He now formed the resolution of residing no longer in the same house with so dangerous a syren; and determined, as the only reparation he could make to Captain Latimer, to confess candidly his own dangerous partiality for his wife, carefully avoiding at the same time every circumstance that could inform that gentleman of Mrs. Latimer's predilection for him. That gentleman soon returned—and, to Lewisham's astonishment, the moment he began his intended confession, burst into a violent fit of laughter: "And so my good fellow," cried he, as soon as he could sufficiently compose his countenance, "this is the occasion, I presume, of that devilish long face!—well, make yourself perfectly easy upon that score—we shall cut no thoats about it; nor shall I regret any termination you may have in your tete-a-tete with Fanny. By Heavens! the little devil has been playing a fine game between us both, and finding nothing but the sentimental would go down with your honour, has affected," continued he, (throwing himself into a despairing atti-

tude) "the neglected tender, amiable, suffering matron, who, though loving her present adorer to distraction, prefers death to dishonour, and banishes him from her presence for ever! Well, my lad, never fear, you shall have her—for, to tell you a *truism*, I have been deucedly tired of her a long time, and the sooner I'm rid of her extravagance the better."—"I have no wish," said Lewisham, much hurt at the depravity evinced in his friend, "I have no wish, Mr. Latimer, to run head-long into depravity and profligacy, much less, to intrigue with a married woman!" Captain Latimer now laughed more than before, and Lewisham feeling himself ill-treated, attempted to quit the room; but Latimer standing in the door-way, besought him to have a little patience, and hear his defence. "Upon my soul," continued he, "I wish with all my heart I was half as good as you, for I cannot but acknowledge you are a charming fellow; yet believe me when I assure you, I am at this moment as independent as yourself, and that, on the word of a man of honour and a gentleman, I am unmarried! Nor can I accuse myself with being the seducer of innocence and virtue: I became acquainted with Miss De Par (the cidevant Mrs. Latimer) in the purlieus of Covent-garden, and she readily accepted my offer, and favoured me with her company. The connection between us is now about to be dissolved, for I am on the look-out for a wife; this the little gipsey well knows, and perhaps only wished to secure your attention, and herself a residence before our separation. I now leave you at perfect liberty to act as you think proper.—I have been," concluded he "a wild and inconsiderate fellow; but I hope I shall turn over a new leaf now I intend to be married: 'a reformed rake,' you know—" "I fear," answered Lewisham, "that our passions and actions depend a great deal upon the habit; and if I was a woman, I should be fearful of trusting you; beside, what gratification can it be to the delicate mind to enjoy the society of a man who has spent the best part of his days, the meridian of his manhood, with the most unpure and vicious of the female sex?—can the associate of vice be uncontaminated?"—"Well, my good fellow," cried Latimer, "perhaps you are right. I wish I had always thought and acted as you do."—"You would have little occasion to boast of your conduct then, I fear," said Lewisham: "but I am glad we are come to a right understanding." "And we part friends, I hope?" said Latimer. "Most assuredly." "Then you have nothing to say to Fanny?" asked Latimer, smiling. "No," replied our hero, in the same gay manner; "believe me when I say, that all my admiration of her person and manners was entirely at an end the moment I discovered the one to be held up to barter, and the other only assumed, the better to allure the unsuspicious.—Adieu! I shall be happy to renew our acquaintance when you become a Benedict; but I shall not visit you while that lady is your companion." So saying, he hastily shook hands, and ran down stairs, having before settled every previous arrangement with his landlady, and ordered his things to be carried to a convenient lodging which he had hired a few doors off, as he determined not to quit the neighbourhood until he could have an opportunity of seeing and speaking to Clara.

Day after day elapsed, however, and he was still disappointed. He at length began to imagine he must have been mistaken. He now learnt that Lord Newark was expected in a few days; and the arrival of a letter from Miss Nugent, filled his mind with a thousand pleasurable sensations, for she bade him be under no anxiety concerning his future fortune, as it should be her care to supply to him every deficiency; and that henceforth she should consider him as her son; and to convince her that he held her friendship in some estimation, she commanded him to apply to his immediate use a twenty-pound note which she inclosed in the letter.

A PRETENDED GHOST.

A SUPERSTITIOUS old lady, in the gay circle of high life, whose name, from particular motives, we cannot communicate, has lately been made the complete dupe of her own credulity. An Officer in the navy had long paid his addresses to the Lady's niece, whose fortune being greatly superior to his, the aunt treated the connection with contempt, and forbade him the house. Miss, having a tender regard for her lover, would not join in so severe a command, but actually held a private conference upon the subject; the event of which was, that they would act in concert, and endeavour to attack the Lady's blind side; as the party they had to deal with most firmly believed, and constantly supported the terific idea of spectres, apparations, and the marvellous our lovers chose that principle for the point of action; consequently Miss caused the doors to be opened, and made various alarming noises, the whole of which she made her aunt conceive to be ominous of some dreadful event. Things being thus prepared, the Lieutenant, a few nights since, furnished with phosphorus, a sheet, and other concomitants, assumed the appearance of the shade of the old lady's departed husband; on tapping gently at her chamber door he was admitted by the attendant, who, agreeable to her instructions, instantly fainted, and fell with terror; our ghost then drew towards the foot of the lady's bed, and in a tone of solemn dignity, informed her that he came from unknown regions to warn her of approaching death, which would take place in fourteen days; at the same time, if she valued the repose, of her soul hereafter, she would not fail to unite her niece to the man she loved, to detest gold as the root of all evil, and to prepare for the fate that awaited her; having done the business, he vanished, and left the victim of imposition in a situation of terror and dismay beyond expression. Immediately on her recovery, Miss was sent for, to whom she related, in the most pathetic manner, the dismal scene, pronouncing it a warning from Heaven which she could not fail to take notice of; accordingly a Solicitor was sent for, and her worldly affairs were settled much to the satisfaction of her niece, who, by the farther request of her aunt, was to loose no time in proceeding to the altar with the man of her affection, that the old lady might see the consummation before she departed this transitory life.—The couple consequently were married, and have set out for Bath, leaving the old lady, a lasting monument of folly, with the Bible constantly on her knee, waiting patiently for the hour of her dissolution.

A MATRIMONIAL LOTTERY.

A YOUNG man of good character and figure, lately proposed a lottery in the Bourdeaux Journal. The conditions as follow: all the widows and maidens who have not attained the age of 32, are invited to take of him a ticket at the price of 25 francs. There are to be 4000 of of these tickets. Only one number is to be drawn from the wheel, and the fortunate holder is to gain the young man for a husband, and to partake with him the 100,000 francs produced by the lottery!

For the Philadelphia Repository.

THE SCRIBLER.—No. XVI.

Jove fix'd it certain, that whatever day
Makes man a slave, takes half his worth away.
Homer.

TO THE SCRIBLER.

SIR,

THE ill consequences of slavery (the subject of my last communication) was never more clearly seen than in the southern States where it is tolerated. The habits of the people, their morals and religion, all feel its polluting influence. That it should render them in the first place arbitary and tyranical, is not surprising or unnatural. Surrounded by crouds of trembling, passive wretches, over whom they have the most unlimited controul, who are taught to fly at the slightest intimation of their wishes, to gratify them, who can wonder that they should be absolute in their commands. Daily viewing the blacks suffering the most severe correction for the most trivial faults, who can wonder they should be cruel. Such is the depraved nature of man, that he soon, very soon becomes familiarized to scenes of cruelty, scenes which, at first, excite his abhorrence. He soon may be taught to listen with indifference to the groans of suffering humanity, appealing to his feelings, but appealing in vain. His heart becoming callous, that will scarce excite his attention which to one uncontaminated would appear diabolically wicked. He who from infancy is accustomed to view slavery in all its horrors, must indeed be a prodigy if he retains his heart pure, and alive to compassion for the woes of man. The voice of nature, whose eloquence is deemed so resistless, is but feebly heard, and if heard, is disregarded by the petty tyrant, encompassed by his unhappy slaves. While speaking thus, I allude not to those in the United States alone; their situation here, God knows, is bad enough, but in the West-India islands it is worse in a tenfold degree. Who that has read Wimpffen's voyage to St. Domingo, and many other accounts of the treatment of slaves, in other islands, would be able to contain his feelings? If there are any who (believing them true) peruse them with composure, and without betraying any emotions of pity and indignation, I should consider them as those in whose breasts nature had implanted every selfish passion, and from which she had banished every virtuous quality. But to return to consider its ill effects here.

It has introduced dissipation of every kind. The southern planters have, of late years, become very rich. Since they have taken to raise cotton, wealth has poured in upon them in an extraordinary degree. As they become more wealthy and as the way to wealth has opened clearly before them, the planters relaxing in their own exertions, have committed the care of their concerns to overseers. Possessed thereby of much leisure, and feeling the consequence that attaches to them they display it in every means which can be devised. Living in a stile of the utmost elegance and splendour, they vie with each other in the elegance of their entertainments, and from their frequency, are engaged in a continual round of company. High living, plenteous libations in honour of Bacchus, and late hours, debilitate the body and enervate the mind. Thus, frequent journeys to the Northward are necessary with many as they advance in years, (that is, as they arrive to what we call maturity) for their existence, and this alone enables them to prolong it.—But it is in the younger class, in the offspring of these men of wealth that dissipation may be seen in its most refined state. Their passions warm and eager, and possessed of ample means to gratify them, they launch into excesses without regarding the consequences. Employed in little or no business, having ample leisure to form plans of pleasure and intrigue, health and money are lost in their pursuit. In a word, they may truly come under the description of "Dashing fellows!" but take from many of them the consequence wealth gives, place them on their own merits, for obtaining a handsome subsistence and how many would sink into oblivion! * * *

Slavery in her progress has received a violent check by the conduct of the blacks in St. Domingo, who, emerging from the gross ignorance in which they were enveloped, and seeing their own strength, and the weakness of their oppressors, struck a decisive blow, which spread the most horrid desolation and slaughter through that unhappy country. Their cruelty and the barbarity of their murders, have been much dwelt on, as neither man woman nor child escaped their fury. But, let it be remembered, that their treatment almost warranted the vengeance they inflicted. How deplorable was their situation. Every cruelty that could be devised, it had been their lot to endure, and that they (bursting asunder all their bonds) should involve all in ruin, is what might be naturally expected whenever they knew their strength. The attempt of France to regain possession of that country has, we see, utterly failed, with the death of the many thousands engaged in it. The conduct of the Spaniards in South America, which has stamped eternal infamy on the names of Pizarro and his assosiates, did not exceed the cruelty of the French (under Rochambeau) towards those blacks who then fell into their possession. What horror seizes on the reader, when he is informed, that they not only hunted them down with blood-hounds, but gave those taken prisoners to be devoured by them. But all their refinements in cruelty, all their veteran troops deemed almost invincible, all their instruments of death were unavailing. St. Domingo is, to them, lost forever, and the blacks have now possession of the soil which nature seemed to have designed for them. Of the climate it may be said, as regards foreigners, that it is one

"Where nature sickens, and each gale is death."
Pope.

"The resistless blast of pestilence" which swept off their mighty armies will teach France the impracticability of ever again reducing it.—What effect this conduct of the blacks will have in the other islands appears evident. In the larger ones, where nature has furnished places of retreat in the almost inaccessible mountains, revolts will be frequent, massacres of the whites will of course follow in spite of all the vigilance which can be used; and, in time, all will fall into the hands of those whose labours now enrich and add to the vanity and rapacity of masters, the day of whose downfall will indeed be to the slaves a day of rejoicing.

Your's,
FLORIAN.

Florian may be deemed, by many of his readers, too severe in his strictures on the holders of slaves in the southern States. How much so, I leave them to judge. Certain however it is, that slavery has corrupted their morals in a great degree, and I may add, debased their hearts. It may also be allowed, that the manner of living it has introduced, together with the climate, are by no means favourable to long life. This will be little considered by those (and they are numerous) who prefer "a short life and a merry one" to a long one spent in the performance of every social duty and, in

endeavouring to meliorate the condition of man. P.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

BIOGRAPHY.

MR. SCOTT,

The following interesting account of the early years of Bonaparte, (written by a gentleman, who was educated with, and was a companion of his youthful days) has not been yet published except in some of the newspapers of the day. It is certainly of sufficient merit to entitle it to a conspicious place in the Repository, and though many of your readers may have seen it before, they will not, I think, be displeased at its republication. All accounts of this wonderful man are now highly interesting, when the world is anxiously beholding his actions which have raised France to the highest pinacle of power.

Your's,
PHILADELPHUS.

BONAPARTE, of a family originally Italian, was born in the year 1769, at Calva, a little town of Corsica, of parents noble but poor; his godfather, the celebrated Paoli, gave him at the font the name of Napoleon. Madame de Bonaparte, his mother (handsome as they say,) had attracted the attention of the Count de Marbœuf, named by Louis XV. to the government of Corsica; and it is to him that malice ascribes the honor of the hero's birth.—Should this be true, it will give force to the world's wild opinion, which inclines to bestow on children, the offspring of unlawful love, a more decided and manly character. However it may be, the Count de Marbœuf had given many testimonies of friendship and good will towards the family of Bonaparte; and had particularly taken upon himself the care of the young man, whom he had a long time assisted with his credit and his purse. In 1788 the Count had designed to send the young *protege* to France, with the view of giving him an education suitable to his birth, and necessary to his future establishment.

France, under the ancient government, and more particularly under the reign of Louis XV. had formed establishments for the education of gentlemen of small fortune; and the munificence of the King's had spared nothing to render them at the same time, useful and agreeable to young men. These institutions called *Ecoles Royales Militaires*, were to the number of thirteen, and established in different provinces of the kingdom; that of Paris served as a centre to the whole, and was the object to which young men, admitted by the King, directed their views. It was held up as a recompence to those who most distinguished themselves by the progress in the different studies.

From their entrance into the school at an early age, the minds and bodies of the pupils were kept in constant employment; and their instruction continued for seven or eight years, during which time the most unremitting care was equally bestowed on all. The most able masters in every branch gave up all their time to direct the studies of the youth, and to inspire them with sentiments of virtue. The study of ancient and modern languages, of history, of geography, of mathematics, and the various branches of military science, formed the basis of their education. And in these establishments while the utmost attention was paid to youthful instruction, the agreeable maxim was not forgotten; that by rendering science amiable the youth might not contract that dryness of manner which too frequently accompanies profound erudition.

It was in one of these schools that the Count de Marbœuf was desirous to place the young Bonaparte. Corsica, since being united to France, had obtained for its inhabitants among other privileges, that of sharing the Royal beneficence; so that the Count had no difficulty to procure for his *protege*, the place of one of the *Eleves du Roi*.

The Marechal de Segur then minister of war, and charged with the department of military schools, placed Bonaparte in Champagne; in which he entered I believe, in the beginning of the year 1779.

It was about 15 or 18 months afterwards, that my father availing himself of the right which all strangers of family had to educate their children in these royal institutions, sent me there to begin my education. Different in temper and character, and younger than Bonaparte, I formed no particular friendship with him; but, living under the same roof, and sharing the same exercise, I remarked him early as something extraordinary, perceiving no one, among 150 youths who in the least resembled him, either in disposition or in taste. In this I only confirmed an idea very generally allowed, that children are often more observing than they appear to be. Of this, curiosity is probably in them the only cause, being more eager in youth, than advanced age: and a young person, without troubling himself about the reason, which his faculties are not yet able to reach, has his attention attracted and fixed only by that which strikes him. Bonaparte, with inclinations different from his companions separated himself from us, and therefore became, naturally enough, the object of our observation.

I do not recollect that he ever shewed the slightest partiality in favour of any of his comrades: gloomy and fierce to excess, almost always by himself, one might say, newly issued from a forest, and till then withdrawn from the sight of men, he now began, for the first time, to feel the impressions of surprise and of suspicion. Continually alone, averse likewise to all that is called children's plays and amusements, he was never seen to share in the noisy mirth of his school-fellows; very far from that; if sometimes he came among them, it was only to find fault, notwithstanding the known danger to which a *boy-pedagogue* inevitably exposes himself by reprimanding his young companions; a danger of which his growing courage had early taught him not to be afraid, for, when attacked by a number of our school-fellows, whom his offensive raileries had provoked, I have seen him repel, with the utmost *sang froid*, their blows and united efforts. Thus, so young, Bonaparte seemed to disdain to be no more than a child: As if he had already foreseen that destiny would one day call him to surmount the greatest obstacles.

Bonaparte shewed very early the desire, or rather the need of liberty. The love of his country (the island of Corsica, which he then considered as his native home) triumphed already over the sentiment of gratitude due to the bounty of the King. The idea of dependence appeared to him degrading; he was humbled by it; and often indignant to be exposed to the malicious witticisms of his comrades on the union of Corsica to the monarchy of France:—"I hope to be able," replied he, in the tone of an offending spirit, "I hope to be able, one day, to restore it to freedom!" Unconscious then that he was to be called in a few years to fix the power of France itself, and decide the fate of the other great states of Europe.

His first steps in learning were not marked by any extraordinary progress; and whether from carelessness or dislike; he gave but little application to the study of the Latin tongue.—This negligence appears so much the more astonishing, as his desire of instruction and occupation very soon became in him a real passion; but latent genius already directed his choice to the study of those branches of knowledge, which were afterwards to

become the instruments of his glory. Mathematics, fortification, the attack and defence of places, but, above all, the study of history, occupied all his time. To those studies he gave himself up without relaxation: and I have no doubt but his enthusiasm originated in his favorite reading of the lives of great and illustrious men whom he had, from the beginning, proposed to himself as proper models.

No one was able to judge better than myself of the uncommon avidity with which he pursued his reading, and the great connections which we had together on that head, were doubtless, what contributed to fix my attention upon him in so particular a manner.—To explain that more clearly, we mention that an establishment which had taken place in the Military School of Brienne, during the residence of Bonaparte, which was the foundation of a library, entirely under the direction of the young men, and destined to their pleasure and instruction. But, to give us proper notions of arrangement and of order, our superiors proposed to leave the distribution of the wells, and the administration of the funds, dedicated to the support of the library, to the absolute management of two directors, to be chosen by their comrades. I was one of those whom my school-fellows had named to that employment, to which I gave up the leisure hours of three years, perhaps the most pleasant in my life. It was then that I had repeated opportunities to see Bonaparte, who perhaps in preference to me, ought to have been chosen the librarian; but probably he would have disdained the appointment, believing all the moments lost to his own instruction, which he must have sacrificed to the minute detail of such an office. However that might be, his calls became so frequent, as to render me unreasonably out of humour. It is in the nature of man, and in my own justification, not less than that of children, to arrogate to themselves, by degrees, all the privileges of authority. It was indeed, my duty to have been complaisant, but I found it more convenient to be capricious. Plagued by demands so often repeated, I sometimes pretended to mistake his application for teazing and intentional importunities; and sometimes also I had reason to repent my rudeness. Bonaparte, young, was not more patient, nor less positive than now, and has made me frequently feel, that it was always unsafe to provoke him.—At that time I should have been ashamed to own it, but at present such a confusion is not so painful.

Reserved in his temper, and wholly occupied by his own pursuits, Bonaparte courted that solitude which seemed to constitute his delight. He employed, during a long time, some of the hours allowed to recreation, in cultivating as a little garden, that spot which fell to his share, of a considerable portion of ground which was divided among us.—After having forced two of his partners to give it up entirely to him, his first care was to render the access to it difficult by a strong pallisade; in forming which, he spent all the money which the Count de Marbœuf had sent him for his little expences. The green arbours, which he had planted himself, and cultivated with the utmost pains, rendered his garden, at the end of two years, the retreat of a perfect hermit. Woe to the curious, the malicious, or the playful, who dared to trouble his repose! You might see him burst furious from his retreat to repel them, nor was he deterred by the number of assailants. It was in this concealed retirement where the soul of Bonapart, greedy of glory, insensibly evolved the seed of that noble ambition, feasting on the example of those great men whom he was preparing himself to surpass. *(to be continued)*

THE DANCE OF DEATH.

[*Extract from an American Traveller.*]

"THE great church in Brasil is a handsome Gothic church, in which Erasmus was buried. On a wall which formed part of the cloisters belonging to the Dominican monastery, there is a curious relic remaining of the playful fancy of the monks who formerly inhabited it.—It is called the "*Dance of Death.*"—The wall is coverved from one end to the other with paintings, representing, first, Adam and Eve, and then a figure of death dancing with every description of character to be found in life, Death always having a firm hold of his partner.—The first person he leads down is a fine gentleman—then a farmer—then a fine lady, a physician, a lawyer, a soldier, bishop, king, monk, nun, &c. &c. all in appropriate dresses and as large as life. Some of the characters shew great aversion to their partner, and strive to retire, but Death keeps a firm hold, and as he respectively arrives at the bottom of the dance, pushes them into the grave. The idea was so novel and the countenance so ably depicted, as to furnish amusement for a long hour, besides exhibiting an usual allegory of the dance in which we are all engaged, and what will be the result of it."

A LIFE FOR A LIFE.

When Constantia Phillips was in a state of distress, she took a small shop in Westminster Hall, and sold books,—some of them of her own writing. During this time, an apothecary who had attended her at a time she was ill, came to her and requested payment of his bill. She urged inability,—but he still continued to press her, and gave as a reason, that *he had saved her life.* "You have so," says Constantia; "You have so; I acknowledge it, and in return, *here is my life,*"—when going to the book-case and reaching the two volumes, she begged he would *take her life*, as the discharge of his demand.

PHILIP I. OF SPAIN.

Philip I. King of Spain, was very plain in his equipage and entertainments. A nobleman once told him that his courtiers and bishops lived very differently: "in the evening," said he, "a grand entertainment is to be given by the archbishop of Toledo." The king got himself introduced into the banquet room, observed the vastness of the preparations, and heard their boasts of their large possessions, &c. Next morning, he gave out that he was ill, and intended to make his will: hereupon all the lords of his council repaired to court. At noon, he came into the council-chamber, and asked the bishop how many kings of Spain he had known in his time? Four was the reply. "What, no more!" cried the king? "I have known twenty." The lords looked at each other, but did not understand what was meant, when the monarch proceeded. "You feast like kings, you boast of the wealth of kings, and *therefore* it is fit you should bear part of the burthen of the war *like kings.* Accordingly, a moiety of your revenues must be appropriated to the payment of the army.

PURGATORY.

With regard to purgatory, says an old popish writer, "with regard to purgatory, I will not say a great deal, but this much *I think*,—that the Protestants may go farther and fare worse."

THE TAYLOR'S DREAM.

A TAYLOR who was dangerously ill had a remarkable dream—He saw fluttering in the air, a piece of cloth, of a prodigious length, composed of all the cabbage he had made, of a variety of colors. The angel of death held this piece of patchwork in one of his hands, and with the other gave the taylor several strokes with a piece of iron. The taylor awakening in a fright, made a vow, that if he recovered, he would cabbage no more. He soon recovered. As he was diffident of himself, he ordered one of his apprentices to put him in mind of his dream, whenever he cut out a suit of cloathes.

The taylor was for a while obedient to the intimation given him by his apprentice. But having received a piece of very rich stuff, to make a garment of, his virtue could not resist the temptation. His apprentice put him in mind of his dream to no purpose. "I am tired with your talk about the dream," says the taylor, "there was nothing like this in the whole piece of patchwork, which I saw in my dream, and I observed likewise, that there was a piece deficient; that which I am now going to take will render it complete.

TRIFLING ATTAINMENTS.

How little are the greatest difficulties esteemed, when they are not accompanied with something useful. We are told of an ingenious person who bridled and saddled his horse with his teeth. Of another, who painted a picture with his fingers. "Why," said *Michael Angelo*, "did not the fool take pencils?"

We are also told of a man that could throw a grain of millet with such dexterity, as never to miss the eye of a needle. When he applied to a Roman senator for a reward, he was properly enough presented with a bushel of millet *that he might never be at a loss for somewhat with which to exercise his ingenuity.*

UNIVERSITY DEGREES.

When Doctor Johnson visited the university of St. Andrews (a place famous for bestowing academical honours without much discrimination) he took occasion to enquire of one of the professors into the state of their funds, and being told that they were not so affluent as many of their neighbours, "No matter," said the doctor drily, "persevere in the plan you have formed and you will get rich *by degrees.*"

ANECDOTE.

TWELVE Mandarines resolved to unveil to the Emperor Ti-Siang, the sentiments of hatred which his extreme cruelty had inspired among the Chinese. He who first charged himself with his commission, was cut in two by order of the tyrant. The second was put to torture, and suffered a cruel death. The third was not less intrepid, and Ti-Siang ended his existence by a poignard with his own hands. In short there was only one who escaped his fury, though he evinced no less courage. He repaired to the palace with the instruments of punishment in his hands: "There, my prince," said he, "these are the fruits which your faithful servants obtain by their zeal, I come to seek my reward." The emperor struck with so much intrepidity, pardoned his boldness and reformed his own conduct.

Philadelª., *August* 4, 1804.

MARRIED—On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Linn, Mr. *John G. Parry*, of this city to Miss *Margaret Palmer*, of Scotland.

DIED—On Sunday evening last, after a long and painful illness, which she bore with exemplary fortitude and resignation, Mrs. *Cecilia Hogan.*

DIED—On Monday morning last, *Major General* William Irvine, Æt. 63.—He was an active and distinguished officer during the whole of the American revolutionary contest.

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
"By all their country's wishes blest."

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

WILLIAM SAVERY,

Inscribed to the Citizens of Philadelphia.

'TWAS Heav'n's high will the much loved man's no more,
Ye mourning multitude he's gone to rest;
On seraph's wings his raptured soul doth soar,
Singing loud hallelujah's with the blest.

Omnipotence Supreme has call'd him hence,
Why should ye grieve as of all hope bereft?
He's gone t' enjoy a lasting recompence;
For which, serene this woeful world he left.

With pious wish the cause of truth to spread,
Till fifty-four he pass'd a life of peace;
But number'd now, alas among the dead,
His virtuous labours all must henceforth cease.

Oft have ye heard him, cloathed with love divine,
The Gospel's occult mysteries unfold;
Oft have ye heard him sacred truths combine,
In language and with grace before untold.

Oft would he leave his friends and much loved home,
A Christian philanthropy to impart;
Oft o'er Columbia's rugged wilds he'd roam;
To humanize th' uncultured Indian's heart.

From place to place, from state to state he'd go,
Promoting righteousness throughout the land;
Whisp'ring sweet comfort to the sons of woe,
Pointing t'wards Heav'n significant his hand.

Nor was his zeal in pure religion's cause,
Confined within America's wide bounds;
The sons of Europe have with loud applause,
Oft gazed astonish'd at his tongue's loved sounds.

The conc'ous Deist trembled whilst he spoke,
Hoping repentance might not be too late;
Conviction's lightning on the Atheist broke,
Whilst he discoursed on man's depending state.

When black contagion spread pale terror round,
And death stalk'd proudly up and down each street;
When silence spread her midnight horrors round,
And nought, save hearse, the traveller would meet.

'Twas then this pious man, bow'd down with grief,
Anxious to lessen dread calamity,
Pursued each day some plan to yield relief,
Some plan replete with Christian charity.

Behold him then with conscious virtue brave,
At death undaunted, pass from door to door;
Inspiring hope in mortals near the grave,
Protecting orphans and relieving poor.

Such was the man whose loss ye now do mourn,
His fame, his worth, his virtues, long ye knew:
And since heav'n wills that he shall ne'er return,
Oh! strive his god-like actions to renew.

Let noble philanthropy warm each heart,
Let virtuous pity glow in every breast,
Let charity the needed boon impart,
And let benev'lence succour the distress'd.

May his example stimulate each mind,
To seek pure virtue in the paths of peace;
May his loved name long live among mankind,
And may its influence never, never cease.

H. R. I.

To Correspondents.

The Correspondent who has communicated poetical selections from *Scott*, and *Dr. Langborne*, is entitled to the thanks of the Editor.

Paraphrase of chap. xiv. of Revelations, next week.

The Editor is requested to intimate to the author of an *Address to the Inhabitants of Philadelphia*, on the subject of the Yellow Fever, that many of his readers are anxious for the continuation.

Subscribers will please to take notice, that the eighth *payment of* 25 *cents will be collected by the carriers on Saturday next.*

TERMS OF THE REPOSITORY.

To subscribers in the city who pay monthly, 25 cents for every 4 numbers....to those who pay in advance 3 *dollars* per vol.

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Temple of the Muses.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

MR. SCOTT,

The following poem is a translation from the German; of its author, or of the history of its subject, I am entirely ignorant. Its title is, "*Death Song of a Catholic Priest, who was buried alive, for breaking the Monastic Laws,*" but from the latter part of the poem, it appears, that provisions were brought to him, thence I infer, he was only condemned to solitary confinement for life: however, I must confess, that what I have read on the subject of monastic punishments induces me to believe, that, immuring in narrow cells (about nine feet in diameter and a proportionate height) without provisions, is by much the most common mode of punishing capital transgressions: RENDER, in his "Tour through Germany" casts considerable light on this subject: Whether or not, it was actually written by a catholic priest, previous to his interment, (if I may be allowed the expression) I am unable to say, perhaps it is only the offspring of imagination: The beauty of the piece (in the original) induced me to attempt a translation; but I am sorry to say, I have been unable to transfuse that energy and pathos, which glows in the one, into the other.

I have translated as literally as circumstances would admit of, and with such additions, only, as I thought necessary.—If you think it worth publishing, please to give it a place in your paper, and oblige,

Sir, Your's,

ADELIO.

O THOU dread grave of the most hapless love,
Which soon will hide me from the blessed light,
Here must I passion's termination prove,
Love, here must perish in eternal night.
Perish! Ah no, for ev'n when life shall cease
To animate this agonized heart;
In happier climes where reigns eternal bliss,
Celestial love shall purer joys impart.
Freed from the cares which here our bliss annoy,
Our constant hearts shall glow with purer fires,
No barbarous laws shall there disturb our joy,
The joy that springs from ever chaste desires.
The night of death shall wrap me in this cell,
This horrid cell which soon my tomb must be;
Ah me! the object which I loved so well,
To me, alas! was the forbidden tree.
O haste not thus to raise the dreadful wall,
O lay those hammer's from thy cruel hand.
My horrid doom your bosom must appall,
Ev'n cruelty itself must shuddering stand.
O let my aching eyes again behold
The wide-extended, star-bespangled sky.
O haste not thus! too soon begins my pain,
Ere long, shall I, no more for mercy cry.—
Thou palpitating bosom breathe again
Inhale with greediness the fragrant air,—
Can mortal cruelty inflict a pain
More dreadful than the pain I'm doom'd to bear.
Ah, how will there my heart oppressed beat?
How in chill'd veins shall flow the vital flood,
When from foul damps consuming poisons meet
The air I breathe, and poison all my blood?—
Good night, good night, thou splendid orb of day,
Ye starry host I bid you all adieu!
Ye flow'rs, for me no more your blooms display:
You cannot raise me from this depth of woe.
Thou glowing summer ever gentle spring,
Thou, teeming autumn, and thou, winter chill,
No more to me shall you your pleasures bring,
No, naught but woe my anxious breast shall fill.
Yet the loud rolling thunder's awful voice,
Which kings nor priestly tyrants can command,
Shall reach my ear, and make my heart rejoice,
More than the shouts which fill th' applauding land.
Thus will I count the seasons as they roll,
The seasons which I'm doom'd to pass in pain,
And ask, in solitude, my suffering soul,
If ever I shall see the light again.
My better half, ah, what will be thy fate?
In what cursed cell art thou immured, my love?
Ah could my death give thee a happier state,
Joyful I'd die, no woe too great could prove.
The curling flames around my frame might play,
The pangs of boiling oil I'd freely bear,
Let me be torn by savage beasts of prey,
Could I but save thee, O thou blameless fair.
Thou great Creator, thou who madest me man,
And my beloved Eliza form'd so fair,
We have but acted on thy heav'nly plan,
Was this a crime and must we tortures bear?
Is it not better that we thus unite,
Perform thy will and serve our native state,
Than practise crimes which shun the noonday light,
And with contempt eternal goodness treat,
Ah, long before the force of love I knew,
Before I felt the weakness of my heart,
Ere one soft passion in my bosom grew,
My vows were stolen by insidious art.—
How many a maid while in her tender age,
Has been by brother's cruel av'rice doom'd,
'Ganst nature's voice unequal war to wage
Ere reason had her tender mind illumed.
My vows are broken in a worthy cause,
Thus conscience judges, and her judgment's just,
So could not war 'gainst nature's fixed laws,
And trample all her dictates in the dust.
A pleasing thought once occupied my soul,
My God I wish'd to serve, and help mankind,
Free from the Monkish hypocrite's controul,
And from the torments of a guilty mind.
Then should our sons a willing offering stand,
Bold in the ranks to guard their monarch's cause'
While from the field the mercenary band,
Would fly, and leave to chance their country's laws
But sold by one, of ev'ry host the shame,
Another Judas, for base gold betray'd,
Blessed, had he but sav'd our lives and fame,
May curses rest upon his treach'rous head.
Is this the faith of Luther, villain say,
Is't thus you follow in his path so pure?—
Beneath your roof we thought, "we safely lay"
You swore to heav'n that we should be secure.
You swore protection, tempted by our gold,
Your tongue at variance with your treach'rous heart,
Then villain-like your cred'lous guests you sold,
And we fell victims to a villain's art.
Ah, he that thus will break the sacred laws
Which Christian hospitality has made,
Is lost to virtue, and will never pause
To treat each doctrine as a tale, or trade.
Turks, Hottentots and all the savage train,
Would for this crime spit in thy Judas-face,
And ev'n the pirates who infest the main,
Retreat astonish'd at a deed so base.
Imperial Joseph, thou who oft hast freed,
Poor suff'ring men from superstition's power,
O trample 'neath thy feet th' unhallowed creed
Which oft has hasten'd death's tremendous hour.
With awful note, thro' ev'ry cloister'd hall,
O let, good prince, thy mighty mandate ring,
At the glad sound each gloomy cell shall fall,
And buried thousands into light shall spring.
O mighty prince! with power and wisdom bless'd,
One word from thee can end at once my pain;
Monarchs would listen to thy great request,
Burst my dark cell, and bid me live again.
How weak my heart becomes! how dim my eyes!
No sun, no moon, no sky, no stars I see,
What bliss can bread and water bring? supplies
Which serve but to increase my misery.
Oh, bear me to the ignominious wheel,
In mercy grant me instant, instant death;
Drive thro' my bosom the life-ending steel,
For then my woe will end, when flies my breath.
Hark! awful thunders burst the graves around,
O burst, kind heav'n my solitary jail:
If heav'n helps not, ah where shall help be found?
Ah when shall I the fragrant breeze inhale?
Celestial glimm'rings open now the way
To scenes I love, I envy and deplore,
This narrow passage surely leads to day,
O widen the dear breach a little more.
Ah! is it thou, Eliza,—thee I love,
Or does thy friendly spirit hover here,
'Tis thou,—thou bring'st from paradise above
The heav'nly manna holy angels cheer.
Now from the living stream sweet comfort flows,
Give thanks, O soul, it cheers my lonely cell.—
(Water and bread in vain my foe bestows,)
May God reward thee,—O my love, farewell.

ADELIO.